THE LADY'S

WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

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SIR EDWARD SEYMOUR.

AN ENGLISH TALE.

(Concluded.)

SIR Edward remained motionless; struck with surprise, terror, and dismay. "You do not answer me," continued the old man, with the animation of grief, "you hesitate in giving me your word that you will not dye your hands with the blood of my child, that you will not rob me of my only remaining support! What! a father, an aged man, your friend, the brother of your betrothed wife, supplicates you, with tears, not to commit a crime which would rob him of life: and you hesitate, O Seymour! Great God! this then is virtue! The man who would not, to save his life, his mistress, his honour, consent to injure any mortal, to deprive them of the smallest advantage, that man, for an erroneous point of honour, for an execrable prejudice, atrocious, ridiculous, which he even abhors, does not scruple to deprive his friend, an old man, a father, of his son, his only son, of all he values in the world, of all he holds precious, of the only gift which, coming from the Almighty, ought to be deemed sacred by his creatures; and this man, this murderer, wishes to be respected! In the name of heaven, Sir Edward, listen to me; Henry, you say, has challenged you, has publicly insulted you; well, I am come to beg your pardon; and if this does not satisfy your barbarous honour, lead me wherever you please, tell me any spot in London where you would wish me to appear, to entreat your pardon, as I now do, embracing your knees, bathing them with my tears, sweeping the ground with these white locks, for which you feel no compassion."

Saying these words, the old man fell at our hero's feet, who had hitherto listened to him in silence. He hastened to raise him, to fold him in his arms, and when his emotion would permit him to speak, "My dear friend," said he, "be assured, be very certain, that I do all that is in my power, when I give you my word of honour, that I will not attack the life of your son: confide in this promise. But I in my turn, require a favor of you. Do not interfere in this affair; your cares, your resonings, your measures, can only prove de-

rimental. Do not mention the subject to Henry, do not seek to meet him, or to follow him; remain quietly at home until tomorrow morning at seven, then return here; you will, I trust, find me, and you may assist to reconcile us. If, on the contrary, you should not see me, you will take this letter, which you will find on my desk, to Mrs. Harley, it will inform you of all that I have done. Do not exact any thing more of me. At all events, I pledge my word that your son will be in no danger; but if you take any other measures, my promise is no longer valid. Farewell, my dear Mr. Harley; I believe, I dare venture to affirm, that you will be satisfied with my conduct. It is past twelve o'clock, allow my servant to accompany you home, and leave me to enjoy a few hours rest, which I am greatly in need of."

The old gentleman, struck with the calm and dignified air with which Sir Edward spoke, affectionately pressing his hand, promised to do all he desired; and left our hero at full liberty to conclude his letter. Seymour related all the events of the evening; and after having taken an affectionate leave of Mrs. Harley, he swore that even in death she would be dear to him, and that his last breath should articulate her name. After having sealed his letter, somewhat more composed, he laid himself on his bed, to await the hour of appointment.

At four o'clock he arose, and taking his pistols, repaired to the house of the friend who had promised to be his second, and before five arrived in Hyde-Park. Henry Harley was already there.—The seconds measured the ground, and young Harley, who understood nothing of the rules of duelling, consented, at the desire of our hero, to fire the first shot. It passed through Sir Edward's hat, and threw it off his head at some distance. Our hero coolly took it up, and replacing it, took aim at a young tree which stood at some diatance from his antagonist, and pulling the trigger of his pistol, split asunder its feeble stem. "You may now repeat your fire," said he to the astonished Henry.

"I do not understand you, Sir," answered the youth, "explain yourself. Why do you refuse returning my fire? Be assured that I deem your generosity an affront; treat me in the manner I have acted by you, or explain your strange behaviour." "I prefer the latter to the former," replied Sir Edward, approaching him. "You are the son of my friend, Mr. Harley, for whom I have long entertained the liveliest esteem; far from wishing to attempt your life, I would willingly expose my own to defend it. You came to provoke me, to insult me, to prevent my marrying a young lady, whom I had previously, before her aunt, formally refused. Honour compelled me not to refuse your chal-

lenge; honour required that I should expose my life; but it does not command me to attack yours. I am not angry with you; I have no cause to dislike you. But the prejudices of my country forced me to sacrifice my cool judgment to your folly, to your passion. If your breast still harbours resentment, we will begin again; then, if you miss me a second time, I will again repeat to you, that I have no greater desire of wedding Miss Jones than I have of terminating the days of my old friend's son. I have now given you an explanation of my conduct; decide upon it, and tell me what you mean to do."

"To entreat your forgiveness, Sir," answered young Harley, "to supplicate you, before these gentlemen, to make my inexperience plead my excuse: love and youth had bewildered my imagination. Your noble conduct makes me blush for my errors. Accept my most sincere apologies, Sir Edward; and if my repentance, and the advantage you possess over me, is not sufficient to make you forget my offence, pronounce yourself the reparation you require, and I will cheerfully submit to it."

Our hero now turned to the seconds, who had already put the pistols in their pockets, "Gentlemen, (said he) are you satisfied?" Perfectly so, was the reply. "Well then, I make you the guarantees of the promise I have just received from Mr. Harley; he has entreated me to name the reparation I require. This is it. The newspapers have doubtless informed you of the particulars of Mr. Clements' will, and of my perplexity with respect to Miss Jones. The young lady's aunt has refused the offer I made, of dividing the fortune left me with her niece, alledging that Miss Jones could not receive a gift from any one but a husband. I ask Mr. Henry Harley to become that husband; and the reparation I require for the insult I have received, is, that he will receive from me five thousand a year, which I vainly offered to his Frances."

Young Harley, overcome by our hero's generosity, could only answer him by affectionately pressing his offered hand. The seconds warmly applauded Sir Edward's conduct, and they all hastened to his house, where they found Mr. Harley, senior, who anxiously expected them. Henry told him all that had passed; and the worthy old man shed tears of joy. His mind was so softened by what he had endured, that for the first time in his life he contradicted no one; and willingly consented to Sir Edward's offer.

Our hero left them, to fly to Grosvenor-street. He found Mrs. Harley at home, who had heard nothing of the duel, but was greatly affected at the relation of it. As nothing now remained to prevent

the union of our lovers, their wedding-day was fixed ; and in a week Sir Edward became the happy husband of his Eliza. Old Mr. Harley departed for Oxford, to employ his oratorial powers to persuade Mrs. Jones to consent to the marriage of his son with Frances ; and for once his eloquence was crowned with success. On his informing her that Sir Edward's hand was no longer free, she willingly consented, and soon Henry and Frances were united. A close intimacy has ever subsisted between the two families, notwithstanding the frequent arguments of Mr. Harley, senior, and Sir Edward, who, however, now acknowledges, that in some circumstances, it is rather difficult to please every body.

THE STRANGER.

IT was at the close of a sultry day that a traveller of dejected countenance entered a forest, whose deep gloom produced, even at mid-day, an artificial night. Apparently careless of the road his horse took, he suffered him to tu n into an ill-beaten track, which conducted him into the deepest recesses of the forest. Lost in thought, the traveller seemed unconscious to all that surrounded him, till his horse gave a sudden start, and stopped. The stranger raised his eyes, but all was buried in an obscurity too profound for him to distinguish a single object. He listened, expecting some one was near ; but the solemn stillness of the place was unbroken by the slightest sound. The stranger seemed more calculated to inspire apprehension than to feel it ; he urged on his steed, which obeyed the spur with reluctance ; often starting and wheeling round in hazard of his master's safety and his own. At length the former struck his head against a man, suspended from a tree by a rope fastened round his neck. A low rustling noise announced him not quite dead. The stranger hastily dismounted, ascended the tree, and cutting the rope, let the poor creature fall to the ground. The violence of the fall caused him to open his eyes, but it was a considerable time before he could articulate distinctly. To the question then addressed to him by his deliverer, he replied, that having lost every thing in the world that was dear to him, he had become disgusted witl. life, and resolved to put an end to it. A string of subsequent questions drew from him the following particulars :— A long illness had incapaciated him from going through the manual labours of a small farm, which he rented of an exacting landlord ; every thing went wrong, and the accidental firing of a barn, reduced him to absolute poverty. To complete his misfortunes, a young woman, whom he was to have married, had that morning given her

hand to some more fortunate lover.

And you have now no home, no means of subsistence, said the stranger.

None, alas ! your honour.

I am in want of a servant, and if you have no objection to such a situation, and no dislike to travel, name your own terms.

These were soon settled; for Jaques was not mercenary. He then mounted behind his new master, who proceeded without once opening his lips. It was day-break when they emerged from the forest: a small white house appeared at a distance, the stranger made towards it. The family were in bed, but the early visitant soon roused them.

What the devil do you want? cried a surly voice, as a rough head popped out of an upper room window.

Some breakfast for a famished man, replied the stranger, in a deep, but gentle tone. The peasant, grumbling at being disturbed at so early an hour, would not open his doors, and the travellers were obliged to proceed to an inn, five miles off. Here they found admittance, and Jaques had, for the first time, an opportunity of surveying the form and features of his new connexion. The first was of an athletic size, the last strongly marked. His complexion was of a deep olive colour, and his eyes exhibited a degree of wildness which, added to the extreme shabbiness of his dress, and a beard of many weeks' growth, gave him rather an alarming appearance.

Let him have something to eat and drink, said the stranger, pointing to Jaques, and addressing himself to the landlord of the inn, who eyed him with a suspicious, and half contemptuous look. He then quietly walked away, entered a gloomy lane, and with folded arms, and eyes fixed on the earth, paced about for two hours. On returning to the inn, he bought a poney for his new attendant, and, without taking any refreshment himself, pursued his journey.

In this way they continued to travel for nearly a week, the stranger eating but once a day, yet taking care that his servant wanted nothing. During this period, the astonishment of Jaques had been so strongly excited by the strange conduct of his master, that a curiosity of a most powerful kind was excited in his mind to learn some particulars of an object who appeared so mysterious. Occasionally he thought him deranged; yet if he were mad, there was a method in his madness, not common to the malady.

Jaques was a French Caleb Williams. An insatiable degree of curiosity was combined in him, with no ordinary degree of sagacity, and a propensity to reason on

effects. With true philosophic perseverance he essayed to trace them up to their cause, and what he could not ascertain, he would speculate upon to infinity.

One evening about nine o'clock, the two travellers alighted at a public house, situated in a small village. The stranger shut himself up in a room, while Jaques saw that the horses were taken care of. Having done so, he knocked at the door of the room which contained his master, who demanded who was there? Jaques replied, he wished to know if he had any commands for him. None, returned the stranger, go away, and when I want any thing, I will ring for it.

What d'ye call this master of of yours? said the landlord to Jaques, as the latter was refreshing himself in the kitchen.

They call him like me, returned Jaques.

And how is that?

After his father, to be sure.

Pish! cried the landlord, hasn't he been in limbo lately.

Who told you that?

Where do you come from?

The place we were at last.

And where was that?

What will you give to know?

Give! not a sous; what should I get by knowing? You may tell us where you are going, however.

Farther on.

What, north?

No, west.

To what town?

Our town.

What d'ye call it?

What every body else calls it.

Well, I know that, but where abouts is it?

Not above a hundred miles off.

Thou passes for a wag there, I'll warrant me. But hark'e, my lad, the clearest way of answering a question pleases every body best Wilt thou give me a positive answer to one question?

I can't tell till I hear it; try me.

Wasn't this man you call your master, imprisoned for a forgery about three months since?

How could he have got his neck out of the halter, if he had.

Why that's what I want to know, for there he was, sure enough. I saw him taken up, and carried to prison.

I always thought what people saw with their own eyes might be depended upon, but you seem of another opinion.

How d'ye make that out, my lad?

You tell me what you have seen, and then ask if it be true.

Well, but it is true, as I have a soul; but I won't swear. Is your master a man you can see once, and not know again?

Jaques felt that he was not; and having interrogated the landlord very minutely as to the affair of the forgery, he began to think he had formed rather a dangerous connexion. While he was musing on what he had heard, he saw through the kitchen window the stranger passing by. An irresistible curiosity impelled Jaques to watch his steps. The moon was at full, which enabled him to watch his master at a sufficient distance to prevent his being detected.

(To be continued.)

THE LADIES' TOILETTE;

OR,

ENCYCLOPAEDIA OF BEAUTY.

Of spots upon the skin.

(Continued.)

A third kind of spots are those which come upon pregnant women; by some they are denominated ephelides, a name which is also given to the spots of which we have just treated, and with which they ought not however to be confounded. This similarity in name might lead some to treat both in the same manner, especially as they exhibit nearly the same appearance; like the others they are brown, and sometimes reddish spots, which affect the face and forehead; but the means recommended in the former instance are not adapted to the present case. Freckles owe their existence in a great measure to external causes; the spots of which we are now treating, are, on the contrary, the effect of internal causes, and particularly of certain indispositions to which females are subject. In certain cases these spots sometimes disappear of themselves about the fourth month; sometimes they come and go several times during the period of indisposition, without disappearing entirely till after the crisis. At others they are more obstinate.

We would recommend those females, who are desirous of removing these spots, to anoint their faces with honey in which have been mixed laurel seeds skinned and pulverized; or, to wash the part affected with an emulsion of endive seed.

Unmarried females, who experience an irregularity, or nervous affection and constraint, are likewise subject to the same spots; they may get rid of them by rubbing them with a cloth soaked in juice of bugless-root cut and squee-

zed; but it must be observed, that it is absolutely necessary the cause which first produced them should have first ceased to exist, otherwise every external remedy would be totally useless.

A fourth kind of spots are those of old age, and these are incontestibly the most disagreeable of all. Perhaps our readers may be surprised that we should mention them. "At that age,"—some of them exclaim. At that age, we reply, people ar very often as proud of their persons as in their youth. Are not aged people indefatigable in their search after the means of disguising the cruel ravages of unsparing time? They will not be angry, we hope, to find something for them; besides, the young will at the same time be made acquainted with the means of silencing those indiscreet witnesses of the rapid progress of years. The spots of which I am speaking are formed with age, and more particularly in those females who have not made a regular use of the cosmetics which preserve the delicacy the suppleness, and the flexibility of the skin. They first attack the nose, forming on either side a kind of plate which looks like boiled leather. They sometimes extend to the cheeks and forehead; the skin then acquires a very considerable thickness. This thick crust it is necessary to destroy, and that is no trifling affair; it cannot be effected without employing successively two different processes. The part must first be moistened and softened sufficiently with emollients, and afterwards caustics, of the kind we have indicated above for marks, must be applied. If these caustics should prove too weak, then make use of water distilled from bullock's gall, in which a small quantity of salt has been dissolved. But we repeat that the skin must previously be thoroughly softened; and if the caustics fail to produce all the effect that is expected of them, the reason is because the first direction has not been exactly complied with, and it is necessary to begin again with the emollients.

These spots, we observed, attack particularly such women as have not been in the habit of using cosmetics. This is the hideous stamp which the deity of the toilette impresses upon all those who have not frequented his altars; it is thus that he punishes them sooner or later for their neglect of his worship, and that he demonstrates to the whole fair sex the utility of cosmetics.

Ye who yet shine in all the splendour of spring, if you would then prevent these bitter fruits of the winter of age, this kind of cutaneous inlaid work, this not very pleasing metamorphosis of a soft and delicate skin into a thick tawny leather, make use of virgin milk, of the strawberry wash, such a wonderful embellisher of the skin, of mucilaginous applications

which preserve its suppleness; in a word, of the other compositions recommended in this work to polish the skin, to make it soft, delicate, and brilliant.

INCONSTANCY.

A Fragment.

*******ONCE, ah! once o'er this bridge I conducted the faithless Eliza; on this little bridge we stopped to hear the gentle murmur of the waters. I at that moment was the happiest of men, I was almost supposing impossibilities. As the sun was sinking into the lap of eve, we promenaded the side of the river. The wild honey-suckles perfumed the gentle zephyrs. I plucked from amidst the brake, a beautiful wild rose: I pressed it to my lips, and gave it to the gentle Eliza—she placed it in her bosom.

"Fix'd in that happy region next her heart,
Your sweets a while with joy ye shall dispense,
And constant, like the giver, never part,
'Till death, alas! too sudden snatch you hence."

Then, ah! then, how divine, how lovely did she look! Her sparkling eyes were animated, and the glow of the little rose added brilliancy to her complexion. She clasped her arm in mine: we strayed on, while the nightingale poured forth her gentle soothing strain, and the rural murmur of the wood-pigeon was pleasing to the ear of the gentle maiden.

"Then Hope was kind, and Friendship seem'd sincere."

She gave me a handkerchief, containing the initials of her name; they were wrought with her own dear hands, with the silken hair from her flowing ringlets. She bade me not despair; she disclaimed against every other. I gazed, loved, and fondly hoped: but all those marks of affection are, alas! now with her forgotten; and must I own my weakness?—still, every little I have in remembrance, every little token I received from her I have carefully preserved.

"For mem'ry still, reluctant to depart
From the dear spot, once rich in prospects fair,
Bids the fond soul enamour'd linger there,
And its least charm is grateful to the heart!"

I often pass the grove, the tree, the bridge, the river, which bear witness to the vows she gave; but to me they have no charms. I pass them now regardless by—save the tribute of a sigh, which bitter remembrance obliges. The wild-rose blooms, but not for me; the waters murmur, but they afford to me no pleasing sensation; the nightingale pours her tale, but not to me; the murmur of the wood-pigeon resounds throughout the grove, but with me all is lost; I have no pleasure in them.

THE BROTHERS.

A Tale.

THE Chevalier Blimont was born to an ample inheritance, and possessed so many personal attractions, that his attentions to the fair sex were seldom returned with scorn. Among the numerous victims of his early gallantry, or thoughtless levity, was the unfortunate Leonora, who became a mother but to mourn her own disgrace, and bewail the ungenerous desertion of him to whom she had sacrificed her honour and peace of mind. Blimont, willing to varnish over his own baseness, believed, or affected to believe, a fabricated story of her infidelity; and running blindfold into the snare spread by his designing and ambitious relations, he became the husband of a rich heiress, who had little besides her wealth to recommend her. Blimont, caressed by his family, flattered by his friends, and revelling in luxury, too soon forgot the claims of the wretched Leonora, who, to conceal her shame and misery, quitted the scene of her ruin, and sought an asylum far distant from the ungrateful Blimont. About the same period of time at which Leonora gave birth to a lovely infant, Blimont's lady also presented him with a son, to whose future aggrandisement the aspiring father looked up with the proudest hopes The young D'Eperney, indeed, soon grew up as amiable as the fondest parents could wish, but an unexpected occurrence for a while frustrated his father's wishes, and separated him from this darling child.

Blimont had an uncle, very rich, but of a most eccentric character—his benevolent heart and easy disposition had, in early life, made him the dupe of several designing characters, of both sezes—enraged to find himself imposed on, and deeply wounded by the ingratitude of those on whom he had too hastily fixed his affections, he determined to abjure the world, and all its follies; and retired to a solitary estate, many miles from Paris, where he became a misanthrope, to outward appearance, though in reality, his heart beat as warmly to all the social affections, as ever. Tired and disgusted with a state of seclusion, for which nature had not in any respect adapted his disposition, yet ashamed to appear inconsistent, he sent a letter of entreaty to Blimont, requesting him to entrust him with the charge of his youthful nephew. Blimont, however averse to the measure, had his son's future establishment in life too much at heart to venture a refusal; and concluding, from the age of Minville, that the separation could not be of long duration, he got the better of those scruples which paternal affection suggested, and sent D'Eperney, then just a twelve month old, to the misanthropic Minville, who, delighted

with the blandishments of the infant prattler, forgot all his former sorrows and disappointments, and seemed to commence a new existence.

It happened, by one of those chances for which no mortal can account, that the spot to which the unhappy Leonora had retreated, with her infant son, was in the neighbourhood of Minville's estate and, by a chance more extraordinary, the two boys formed an intimacy, which gradually ripened into the warmest friendship. Minville, perceiving their growing attachment, solicited the mother of the engaging little Maurice to let him pass the greatest part of his time at the Chateau de Minville, where their studies and pleasures were shared together with equal advantage and delight.

[*To be continued.*]

EPITAPH ON A BARBER.*

Here are deposited,
the remains of
FRANK FRIZZLE,
late of this country, barber and
hair-dresser, by birth a
POLE-ander.

His distinguished talents were *penetration* and *perseverance*; and his numerous patrons can give proof of the *keenness* of his judgment. *Active* and *assiduous in the sphere he moved*, he early arrived at the *head* of his business—Independent in his nature, he has often taken Pride by the *nose*, and has many a time *lathered* Impudence. He was no great of a politician, yet could tell a *wig* from a tory.—Though he despised low actions, yet none, strange as it may seem, *stoop'd* oftener to meanness. He was expert at picking *locks*, yet was never known to have done it with dishonest intentions. He was so great a physiognomist, and so insinuating in his manners, he could tell the secret working of men's *heads*—And like the immortal Shakspeare, *held the mirror up to Nature.* Although he had nothing to do with the trade, he was as full of *shavings* as a house carpenter. He associated with men of talents, yet he rather chose *block-heads* for his constant companions.—Finding them subservient to his schemes for accumulating wealth, he kept them merely as his TOOLS TO WORK ON. Thus did he pass his sojourn amongst us, until Death's chilling blast extinguished the *spark* that warmed his *pomatum*—This last job gave the *finishing stroke* to his business, and he lies here until that old *pulveriser* TIME shall reduce him to *powder*. The *bearded* grass nod's o'er his cold habitation, and the fanning West Wind *brushes* gently by him.

Gentle reader, if this melancholy recital should raise the
Bristles
of thy head, please to call on Benjamin Frizzle, his *heir* and
SUCCESSOR,

EVELINA.

As translated from the Irish.

I saw the rising of the day first break; the young, the soft, the gay delightful morning; it kissed the crimson of the rose, mixed with her smiles, and laughed the season on us.

Rise, my *Evelina*; soul that informs my heart; Do thou rise, too, more lovely than the morn in her blushes, more modest than the rifled rose when weeping in her dews—pride of the western shores!

The sky's blue face, when cleared by dancing sun-beams, looks not serener than thy countenance; the richness of the wild honey is on thy lip, and thy breath exhales sweet like the apple-blossom; black are thy locks, *Evelina*; and polished as the raven's smooth pinions; the swan's silver plumage is not fairer than thy neck; and the witch of love heaves all her enchantments from thy bosom.

Rise, my *Evelina*; the sprightly beam of the sun descends to kiss thee, without enmity to me, and the heath reserves its blossom to greet thee with its odours; thy timid lover will pluck the strawberries from the awful lofty crag, and rob the hazle of its auburn pride, the sweetness of whose kernel thou far exceedest.

Queen of the cheerful smile! Shall I not meet thee in the moss-grown cave, and press to my heart thy beauties, in the wood of Iniscother? How long wilt thou leave me, *Evelina*, mournful as the lone son of the rock; telling thy beauties to the passing gale, and pouring out my complaints to the grey stone of the valley?

Ah! dost thou not hear my songs, O virgin! thou who should'st be the tender daughter of a meek ey'd mother!

Whenever thou comest, *Evelina*, thou approachest like summer to the children of frost; and welcome with rapture are thy steps to my view, as the harbinger of light to the eye of darkness.

MOTH.

The Moth, allured by the brightness of the candle, flits round the flame, till at last it approaches too near, and is consumed by the heat. A fit emblem this, of those unwary ones who play around the verge of disguised infamy, till at length they precipitate themselves into the abyss of ruin.

There is nothing more dangerous than listening to the allurements of vice, though with the most innocent intention. It is like playing upon the brink of a precipice: by making the idea famil-

lar, it generally takes off its terrors and brings on a false security, that generally betrays it into a fall.

The fly, and many other winged insects, have the same propensity to hovering round a luminous body and frequently die by the heat, which is inseparable from the brightness they so much desire: but none of them so frequently find their fate in the blaze as the moth, which is almost as sure to perish by the candle, as to perceive its light. The moth feeds chiefly upon woolen cloth, stuffs, furs, &c. and is an animal of so delicate a texture, that a slight touch crushes it to pieces; it is therefore, the last creature in the world to sustain the attacks of so terrible an enemy as fire; yet this enemy, in the resemblance of a friend, courts it to draw near, and afterwards works its inevitable destruction.

The like fate, I presume, is too often the unfortunate and wretched state of our fellow-creatures. How often does a vile wretch prey upon the innocent heart of a young female, and, after apparently assuring her of happiness, leaves her destitute of the smallest consolation!

Shun, therefore, all temptations, if you are wise; and be not deceived by appearances. Vice, folly, and danger, lurk often amidst the most inviting forms; but try the tree; not by its appearance, but by its fruit, you shall know it.

Consider and beware, for he who would avoid sorrow, must be wary in his steps; and he who would shun misfortune, must be careful to take wisdom for his companion.

TO THE PUBLIC.

THE present week is the fifth, since the commencement of the 10th volume, and sufficient patronage not offering to realize the expectations I had formed, I have thought it advisable to dispose of the establishment. To those who have patronized me, I return my sincere thanks. I cannot help, however, reprobating a little parsimony of the city, in not patronizing a work of such real utility as the Lady's Miscellany, for while it informs the adult, it is a pleasing course of reading to the minor, and no doubt teaches "the young idea how to shoot.' The price is extremely low, no book containing an equal quantity of matter, can be purchased at the same rate, and but very few contain so great a variety. It is shameful in our citizens to let a work, so well calculated for general improvement, perish. Several works on a similar plan as the present, have already been consigned to oblivion, but I will hope, for the honor of our city, that the same fate may not attend the Miscellany.

It may here be necessary to state, tha the hands into which the Miscellany has passed, are at least equal, if not superior, to the former proprietor; and, being able to give more attention to it than I would, they will no doubt make it more valuable.

E. WHITELY.

To the Patrons of the Miscellany.

HAVING purchased the establishment of the Lady's Weekly Miscellany, we humbly solicit a continuation of your patronage and support. To make any professions of what we will, and what we will not do, is, we are of opinion, superfluous. Too much of this canting has already, perhaps, gone abroad Let our works speak for themselves! It may be necessary, however, to premise that the plan of the Miscellany will be generally the same as formerly; but any additions, which, in our humble opinion, may be deemed for the better shall be made.

The terms of the Miscellany will be the same as usual—$1 50 cents per volume—which, considering the great quantity of variegated matter contained in a volume, we deem low.

Those who are not served regularly, will confer a favor by leaving word at the office. The papers for country subscribers shall be sent regularly every week by mail.

The subscribers carrying on the printing business on an extended scale, solicit the favours of their friends and the public. BOOKS, PAMPHLETS, CARDS, HANDBILLS, and BLANKS, of all kinds, printed neatly, and on the shortest notice.

WM. M'CARTY.
SAMUEL B. WHITE.

Singular instance of Longevity.

Michael Honeywood, a dean of Lincoln, was grand-child, and one of the three hundred and sixty seven persons that Mary, the wife of Robert Honeywood, did see before she died, lawfully descended from her, viz. sixteen children, one hundred and fourteen grand-children, two hundred and twenty-eight of the third generation, and nine of the fourth. He was buried in Lincoln minster, and this account is taken from an historical description of that cathedral.

MARRIED,

At Trinity Church, on the 15th inst. by the Rev. Bishop Moore. Mr. Miles F. Clossey, junr. to Miss Louisa Da Ponte, daughter of the celebrated Lorenzo Da Ponte.

On the 15th inst. by the Rev. Mr Romaine, Isaiah Townsend, to Miss Hannah Townsend, eldest daughter of Solomon Townsend, of this City.

On Sunday the 12th inst. at Hyde Park, Dutchess County, by the Rev. Dr. Beach. Mr. John M'Vickar, jun. to Miss Eliza Bard, daughter of Dr. Samuel Bard.

DIED,

At Baltimore, David Harris, esq. cashier of the office of discount and deposit, in that city—an old revolutionary officer.

At Albany, Mrs. Neill, wife of the rev. Wm. Neill. And Christopher A. Yates, aged 71.

Our City Inspector reports the death of 40 persons, during the week, ending on Saturday last.

ADDRESS TO

OPULENCE AND COMPETENCE.

" ———Take physic, Pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,
And shew the heavens more just "

Shakspeare.

YE sons of opulence, while winter reigns
In frigid terror o'er your wide domains,
While from the north the gelid breezes blow,
And covers nature with a mask of snow.
O freely from your purse impart your store,
And clothe and feed the naked, starving poor!

Behold yon cot, whose miserable form
Shakes at the pressure of the wint'ry storm;
Whose mossy roof, chink'd walls, and broken pane,
Admit the the feathery snow, and driving rain:
Enter the ruinous abode, and see
In living traits, domestic misery.
Crouch'd o'er the embers view the squalid race,
Rags on each back, and famine in each face;
While cries for bread assault their mother's ears,
She gives but one expressive answer—tears!
Lo, at her breast a famish'd nurseling lies,
The milky fount refuse to grant supplies;
Want has dry'd up the source whence freely flow'd
The mild nutritious stream.

Ye sons of competence, to whom kind heav'n
With lib'ral hand has needful plenty giv'n,
Practise frugality—but spare to spend;
Think what you give the poor, to God you lend.

Go seek distress, explore the tents of woe,
Bid the wan cheek with rosy tints to glow:
Smooth with soft touch Misfortune's rugged road,
Clothe shiv'ring Want, and fill its mouth with food.
At length, transfixt by death, your heights ascend,
Where active virtue finds an heavenly friend.

STANZAS.

UNFADING honours tend the brave,
Untarnish'd trophies deck their tomb
Green grow the laurels o'er their grave
And thornless roses round it bloom.

Fair friendship's feet frequent the sod
There weeping-willows lend a shade
The sacred spot be lightly trod,
Be there the fearful tribute paid.

Stern war himself shall shed a tear,
A nation weep a hero dead;
Fame too a lasting structure rear,
To mark the spot where valour's le-

THE COTTAGE O'ER THE MOOR.

'Twas night, and Twilight's dusky ray
Had faded in the west,
The beast had sought her hiding place,
The bird had sought her nest.

The swain against the coming storm,
Had safely shut his door,
And every cot was dark, except
The cottage o'er the moor.

Gloomy and sad a pilgrim stray'd—
For 'twas a gloomy hour,
The grim owl hooted from the tree,
The sky began to lower.

The cheering light he spy'd, and said,
"Although the cot be poor,
I'll try if charity has known
The cottage o'er the Moor.

For riches as I've found have power
To turn to stone the heart,
To shun compassion from the breast,
And bid the wretch depart.

I'll knock, perchance some friendly hand
May deign to ope the door,
And then, while life shall last, I'll bless
The cottage o'er the Moor."

He gave the doubtful tap, and sunk
Despairing on the ground—
Your welcome in, a nymph exclaim'd,
He caught the joyful sound.

"And what misfortune drives you here,'
She said, "so wan with care,
That in our humble cot you seek
A shelter from the air?

But welcome to our meek abode,
For though it is but poor,
Yet we against the needy wretch
Have never shut the door.

My father, ever good and kind,
(And here she heav'd a sigh)
Has taught me to relieve the poor,
And wipe the sorrowing eye.

But now, alas! the fate of war
(She wip'd away a tear)
Has laid him lifeless on the plain,
And left us weeping here.

Ah! ever shall I keep in mind
The mournful parting day,
I wept—he sigh'd—and softly said,
At home my darling stay.

For I'll return to thee, my child,
As soon as war is o'er;
Then gently kiss'd, and sweetly smil'd,
And shut the cottage door.

Now many a year has roll'd away,
And we his loss deplore,
For never shall he see again
The cottage o'er the moor.,'

"He shall," the soldier cri'd, and prest
His daughter to his heart;
"I am thy father, thou my child,
And we will never part.

For now the storm of war is past,
The cannon cease to roar,
And I've return'd, my child, to cheer
The Cottage o er the Moor."

Solution of the Charade which appeared in our last number.

A PIN helps a lady to dress,
And a *cushion* is useful for pray'r;
Thus a *Pin-cushion* 'tis that I guess,
You mean by your riddle so rare.

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